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MAXIMS BY A MAN OF THE WORLD.

If the fastidious reader is not quite satisfied with the title of the following papers, he and their author are so far agreed. 'Maxims,' too commonly pretentious, and yet dull, are not in general an attractive sort of literature; and the term, 'a man of the world,' is generally applied to one whose absence the world may not only easily endure, but be all the better for it. Still, it was necessary to fix upon some title for a series of occasional papers which should convey the experience of one well versed in human affairs to his fellow-creatures, and as that most fitting one of 'Ecclesiastes, or the Preacher,' has been pitched upon by a previous writer, it was necessary to select some other. In intention at least, we are equal to Solomon, since our object is to teach folks 'How to get on in the World;' and without acknowledging the authority of the audacious 'J. P. Robinson, he,' (of the *Biglow Papers*), to the effect that 'they didn't know everything down in Judee,' it must be allowed that during the many centuries which have intervened since the days of the wisest of kings, the ocean of life has a good deal altered, and that the mariner (notwithstanding thirty-six editions of Mr Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*) needs a new chart to steer by.

Many an old inlet has been silted up, many a new one found; islands of promise have sunk, and others risen; rocks against which the ancient galleys split have no existence, while others present themselves jagged and perilous as ever; some, again, though standing, have so changed their shape, that they are no longer recognisable; while everywhere beneath the treacherous surface lurk new dangers, not seldom without even a breaking wave to mark them.

MONEY.

In accordance with the taste of the time, we place this subject first.

The acquisition of money is of great, but not of paramount importance. You may, in City phrase, be a very 'warm' man, and yet have purchased that flattering title by the sacrifice of all that is

worth living for—Love, Friendship, Health, and all the finer capabilities of pleasure. You may be 'good for one hundred thousand pounds,' and yet, in the judgment of all whose opinion is worth having, be a wretched bankrupt. 'A beast,' in the expressive language of the frank and impulsive, you also do in reality resemble that sort of beast, such as a deer (although it is probable you are not so picturesque), which, while alive, is useless, but when dead will cut up remarkably fine. It is not a pleasant thing to be looked upon as venison; something that will some day afford a slice apiece to an immense number of ungrateful relatives, my thrifty friend (for you are just the sort of fellow to die intestate), but in the meantime is a herd-abandoned, quarrelsome, bad old buck, with whom (although anything but amorous) it seems always the amorous season.

True, few persons venture to inform you of this unpleasant fact, but you yourself well know that when you are not shunned, you are fawned upon; that your humours are borne with not from that precious love, no 'plum' can buy, that is blind to faults, but from the greed that speculates upon your dying hour. Nay, it may happen that some expectant heir, whom you have worried out of all patience, may turn like the trodden worm, and tell you for once the truth.

There was once a baronet of my acquaintance, whose title was bestowed upon him, I think, by George IV. (if he had made him a gentleman as well as a baronet I should have believed in the Divine Right of kings), a gross, rude, ignorant man, but whose money grew and grew like a snow-ball (except that it never melted), and it was all his own, both to hold and leave behind him. Now, this man had a certain slave, his nephew, who bore with his black looks, his biting words, his cruel caprices as long as Jacob toiled for Leah, expecting to get Rachel. Seven years of bondage, and at the end of them this reward—Sir Plutus, shaking his own fat sides with mocking laughter, made him the confidant of his *approaching marriage*. The wretched young man, driven by these tidings to despair, and writhing under the

immediate lash of his uncle's scorn, determined—like some criminal condemned to die upon the morrow, who sups *en prince*—to enjoy himself for one brief quarter of an hour, come what might. So he told Sir Plutus *what he thought of him*, without softening a single adjective, or picking out delicate synonyms for his nouns. Heliogabalus (for the baronet was a great eater), always accustomed to dainty dishes, and a total stranger to plain food of this sort, literally choked with indignation, fell into a fit upon the spot, and died. Sir Scatter-cash (the nephew, and one of the last occupants, by the by, of the King's Bench Prison) used always to speak of this incident (which gave him ten thousand a year) with pathetic regret: 'I might have saved myself seven years of slavery—for my uncle was always of that full habit—by telling the truth at once.'

Surely, no man would wish to be a Sir Plutus. 'Getting on in the world,' notwithstanding there is a growing opinion to the contrary, is not a convertible phrase for 'getting money.' I know a man who began life with fifteen thousand pounds, and who, notwithstanding that he well knows how 'money breeds,' has now but twelve thousand. I once heard a practical acquaintance of his remark upon this circumstance: 'Then you have actually gone back in the world!' to which he only replied: 'Yes,' with a pleasant smile. Now, that smile, as I happen to know, meant something as follows. He had repaired the broken fortunes of two brothers. He had acted for three wards as their man of business, putting out their little money to the best of his judgment: if the scheme prospered, they reaped all the advantage; if it failed, he paid the losses. His relatives, numerous and poor, looked up to him for counsel (ah, how different from that advice gratis which has become a byword!), as to a wise and liberal father. Upon the road of life, he had given scores of fellow-passengers a helping-hand, so that they remembered the day on which they had met their unknown friend, and blessed it. All who know him, honour him, especially those—and here is the crucible—of his own household. He sees (we may humbly say, although these maxims are meant but for temporal use) the Golden Gates always open before him, and his angel waiting there, crown in hand, to meet him. Do not suppose, therefore, that that diminution of his original property was only to be represented by a minus. That very smile of his—the being able so to smile, I mean—was worth (although it would have been a waste of words to have tried to persuade his practical acquaintance of the fact) far more than three thousand pounds. He has not 'gone back in the world,' notwithstanding that pecuniary deficiency; he has got *on* so far, and yet so smoothly and well, that he is well-nigh to Heaven.

It is by no means argued by the above narration that a man should strip himself of his means in order to help others. If you have two coats—that is, an *overcoat*—it is well to give one away, provided

that the recipient is deserving of it; but if you have but one, I by no means recommend your reducing yourself to your shirt-sleeves. If you entertain so unselfish an impulse, it is probable that you are better fitted to wear a coat—to occupy a position, that is, of superior usefulness—than the man who has none. Money is power; and while you have it, you may exercise a wise benevolence; but if you part with it, in the lump, to others, it may be used by no means to the public advantage. At the same time, in giving, give largely; not mere dribblets, which, like the slender draught that makes the drinker the more thirsty, only transform the needy into habitual beggars.

But it may here be said: 'Spending is easy, Mr Preacher; tell us how to get money.' Well, that is easy enough too. If you really have your heart, or what you call your heart, resolutely fixed on money-getting, I know nothing easier; for that master-passion destroys all other passions (as well as the virtues). He who craves for money for money's sake will stint, and spare, and screw, and think nothing of the inconveniences to which he submits himself; he has no other temptations who studies to be a rich man; the attention of his mind is never taken off by such trivial matters as friendship, pity, love, or the pleasures of literature and learning; so that, sooner or later, he is perfectly certain to succeed, and always does so. I have never known a single exception. Whether the golden fruit thus obtained is not found to be filled with ashes after all, is quite another matter.

There are, however, so many idle people in the world, and so many more merely indolent and procrastinating, that every man, whatever his station, may be prosperous if only he be diligent, and do his duty. There is no necessity for that Thrift, which, in its common acceptance, means something more than Prudence. Prudent, of course, we must be. It is absolutely essential that we do not run into debt, or, what is almost as bad and more common, drift into it, no matter by what slow degrees. Sacrifice nothing to appearances. If the friendship of those people, who respect us only for what we have, is not worth winning (and it is not), why struggle to *seem* to have? Carriages and horses, man-servants and fine clothes, no, nor even the giving of dinner-parties, never yet made a true friend, although they have attracted many acquaintances; and the loss of them never lost us one who was worth keeping. To the unhappy persons who push and strive, in order to mix with those in a higher position than themselves, for no other reason than because it is higher—who plot and intrigue to get asked to the tables (even the *supper-tables*) of folk of title, I have not a word to say, even supposing they can afford the expense; how much less, then, if they can not afford it. I suppose myself to be addressing reasonable beings.

On your own part, however, always be hospitable. No one is so poor but that he can be *that*. The Arab, who has only his black bread to offer, is proverbial for hospitality. And what you have to give, give equally. Don't ask the rector to dinner and the curate to tea upon the same evening. It is quite fashionable to do so, I am aware; but then Fashion, unless in little matters, such as the shape of a hat or a bonnet, is a bad guide, and (between ourselves) a very selfish and vulgar hussey. If you are ever seized with a generous instinct, and there

is no doubt of the fitness of its object, give way to it at once. Don't take a few hours to think about it—'a night to sleep over it'—and so forth. The shock of such an impulse never occurs twice with the same force; the best time for doing a good action is very often the only one—namely, the present. The recollection of it, especially if it has been attended with some self-denial, is a joy for ever, and worth treble the cost. The pleasant word, too, should accompany the deed, for as God loves a cheerful giver, so man appreciates a gracious one. And do not be too solicitous about receiving gratitude in return, for that is the behaviour of the mere patron, who invests his money to be repaid in instalments of servility. I am not preaching morality, but comfort. In telling you how to get on in the World, my less-experienced friend, I am telling you how to get the most enjoyment and the least annoyance out of it; how to be truly happy at the smallest possible expense; and if my advice happens to tally with religion and morality, do not be so illiberal as to despise it upon that account. However much you may dislike sermons, you cannot, I do assure you, listen to them with more impatience than I do myself.

The philosophers who tell us to be Poor are as foolish (though scarcely more so) as the applauders of the Self-made, who would have all men be Rich. The true wisdom lies in the prayer of Agar, which was for neither riches nor poverty. One wishes that there was more in the Scripture concerning this advocate of the golden mean—almost the only, what one calls, 'moderate man' of his epoch. Even now, his ideas are little understood, or find a crude and even vicious expression in 'the rules' of trades' unions. To possess enough, without stripping for the strife of Competition, and to see others possess without envy, has both philosophy and common-sense at the bottom of it, notwithstanding that its principles are made the stalking-horse of Idleness and Mediocrity. We often hear of the 'fatal competence' of a few hundreds a year—how it indisposes its possessor to exertion, and leads him to fold his hands, or at most, to whittle. But the fact is, that such an individual would do nothing if he were ten times as rich; and would certainly never acquire even the 'competence' if he were poor. Whereas, to another sort of person, a small but assured income is an incalculable advantage. It secures the Thinker from narrow cares, and sets him free to benefit his kind, besides doing away with that wretched waste of power involved in his toiling for mere sixpences. The sting of poverty is as superfluous to a man of genius as the spur to a thoroughbred.

Side by side with the 'fatal competence' runs another social error: the principle that every young man, however rich, should be brought up to and even practise some profession. Now, the object of joining any profession is, commonly, the getting money out of it, and, in the rich man's case, this is labouring for what he does not require. I do not say that it is robbing others, because a rich man's success—the triumph of an amateur over professionals—is so rare, that the examples of it may be disregarded; if it were otherwise, however, I do not hesitate to say that such competition would be shameful.

'But it is not to get money,' contends the territorial magnate, or merchant-prince, 'that I place my eldest son in a profession. It is to keep him out of idleness, which is the root of all evil.'

As if there was no sort of Work to be done save wearing a wig or a sword! and, in particular, as if there was not a special sort of work for this young man to do—a special training, moreover, requisite for one in whose hands the welfare of so many will one day be placed. Political Economy, Social Justice (which includes the great Labour question, the Dwellings and Education of the Poor, and many other almost as weighty matters), and above all, Moral Responsibility—some just understanding of these things in a young man of vast expectations, will be of far more consequence to those dependent on him than his having passed a few years in a cavalry regiment, or even eaten his terms and trifled in a pleader's chambers. The Lawyer, the Parson, the Physician, do not begin to practise their trades without some elementary knowledge of them; yet the man who is called to be a Landowner, or Employer of Labour—with duties graver than those of all the rest—has, it seems, nothing to learn. Like Dogberry's reading and writing, their performance is expected to come to him by nature, and the consequence is, he is but too often like Dogberry in other respects.

Once more, to revert to Expenditure, I need not tell you, if you are a father, and have to pay his bills, to repress in your child the tendency to be lavish with money that is not his own, or to be mischievous, extravagant, or wasteful. But, on the other hand, rebuke the earliest indications of meanness. A prudent child; a thrifty boy; a sordid man—these are too often life's stages. Now, there is nothing a liberal soul so loathes as a covetous one: a lad may be beautiful, studious, and agreeable, but he will never 'get on in the world' (except in that wretched sense to which I have already referred) if he is stingy: no gentleman can be his friend; no woman can really love him. He may be as brave a soldier as ever drew sword, but, like Marlborough, men will know him for a sneak, and despise him; and unfortunately, no man can help disclosing his weakness in this respect; it crops up everywhere, notwithstanding his utmost efforts to repress it; it is as patent as the leaving out one's *h's*.

Of course, there should be a great difference in the liberalities of a family man and of a bachelor. If a man has no children of his own, nor any near relatives in need of his money, he is not only justified, but well advised in spending his full income. If it is the interest of capital, more need not be expected of him than to leave that capital, unimpaired, to his distant heirs; if it is money gained by his own exertions, it is hard, indeed, if some far-off cousin should grudge him the enjoyment of it. On the other hand, a married man who spends all his income without putting anything by for his children—that is, supposing they are not otherwise provided for—is preparing for himself a day of bitter regret, and for them an evil time indeed. They will not thank him for the unnecessary comforts, the lavish plenty of their childhood. Comparison will only make their future lot more hard to bear. Yet many a man has felt genuine pity for the friendless governess or snubbed 'companion,' who makes no effort to preserve his own beloved offspring from the self-same fate. This may be owing to downright selfishness—unwillingness to curb his own expenses; or to that love which loves not wisely, but too well, and forbids him to curtail his children's pleasures, or to impress upon them an unpleasant truth; but more

usually it is the result of indolence, dislike to change, or of procrastination. It is this last vice that causes scores of men to die intestate, or, in other words, to leave a legacy of grievous wrong.

MARRIED WELL.

IN NINETEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XI.—MESSRS EWART, WHISKYBOTTLE, & CO.

GEORGE EWART, whatever qualities he might lack (and it will, perhaps, hereafter strike respected readers—if they have not already come to that conclusion—that he had his imperfections), was certainly not wanting in determination, prudence, and calculation. His worst friend would not have denied that 'old Ewart' was a 'determined dog,' and 'kept himself devilish well in hand,' and had 'a deuced good notion of the main chance.' He was, as has been remarked, of the generous nature which purchases freely on credit, but that was only to save present trouble, and he took care never to be so far 'dipped' as to be in his creditors' power. He had managed to keep concealed from his friends that he had been requested by the college authorities to try the effect during a few terms of rustication away from his university (indeed, he had been implicated, though Nelly had never heard of that, in the matter which had weighed heavily against Fortress), and so he could not go in for honours (if he had ever intended—and he had not); but he was not the sort of man to be plucked. He took his 'fling,' therefore, with much deliberation and circumspection. He did not omit to pay occasional visits to the Platts', where he met Nelly once or twice, and he even managed to call with Mrs Platt more than once at the Grimshaws', where he dined once, and so pleased old Grimshaw with startling anecdotes (over the after-dinner wine) about certain frightful diseases to which the hypochondriac fancied himself to be liable, that as they went up to the drawing-room, old Grimshaw said: 'I should like to have another opportunity of talking to you, Mr Ewart, about that case of rheumatism in the heel; and I hope you will now consider yourself sufficiently acquainted with us to call whenever you are coming this way.' So Ewart flattered himself that he was managing matters very adroitly: he was having his 'fling,' and at the same time 'keeping straight' (as his phrase was) with his 'respectable' friends (as he would say), and especially with Nelly. But let no young man think that the effects of a 'fling' are lost upon experienced matrons like Mrs Platt, or even inexperienced maidens like Nelly. Mrs Platt said privately to Nelly (and Nelly assented with a sigh) that there was something wrong with George Ewart.

'I don't pretend to know *exactly* what it is,' Mrs Platt said; 'but depend upon it, my dear, all is not as it should be. I could see with half an eye that he is not so steady as he ought to be: a young man does not look and behave as *he* does when he is. I shouldn't wonder if he were not to take orders after all.' But she did not know her man: he had bought his living, and he had no notion of relinquishing his bargain. The 'fling' had another effect upon Ewart, which shewed itself after he returned to college in October and prepared seriously to read for his degree. His immediate neighbours were frequently startled at night by hearing from Ewart's room, when his 'oak' had been long 'sporting,' and when he was supposed to

be in bed and asleep, shouts, shrieks, and tumbles, and what sounded like a dialogue between two angry persons. Once Johnson battered and thundered at Ewart's door until the latter came and inquired through the slit in the 'oak' who was there, and what was wanted. His voice was thick, his tone sullen, his feet pattered about in a singular manner, his light swayed, and to Johnson's question: 'Is anything the matter, old fellow?' he answered roughly: 'Matter? No. Go to bed, do—and leave—a fellow—alone.' He seemed to have great difficulty in getting out his words, which he uttered with much slowness and solemnity, and then retreated, swearing with some volubility. He was always bright and fresh in the mornings (for he had a wonderful constitution); he regularly took his 'paddle' down the river; he was particularly abstemious at 'wine'; he did his reading systematically; smoked a pipe with a friend when it was over; retired to rest (as he said) early, and about an hour afterwards, there proceeded from his rooms a succession of diabolical noises. His 'gyp' was questioned; but Philip knew that 'speech is silver, silence is golden.' Other 'gyps' tattled about the doings of their 'gentlemen,' and received extra half-crowns at the end or in the middle of term. Philip, though eloquent upon the subject of 'osses' and things in general, was dumb as the grave about the affairs of his 'own gent'lman,' and could have shewn many a half-sovereign in support of the truth of his favourite proverb. Bedmakers, however, being of a gender which renders it impossible for them (poor things), old, ugly, avaricious, and even willing as they may be to reap the golden harvest which falls to the lot of the silent, let nature have its way, and jabber freely one with another under cloisters, on staircases, up alleys, and in mysterious passages. It is true they talk often in riddles, but some riddles are not so difficult to guess as others. When, therefore, Jenkins, who was an eccentric man, and loved to smoke pipes in singular nooks and corners, was one day indulging his fancy as he sat perched upon a window-sill, and hidden from view of persons on the inside of the window by the plentiful ivy, he overheard the following conversation between Ewart's bedmaker and his own. Says the latter with a chuckle: 'So Mr E. 'ave been at it agin; I 'eard 'em a-talkin' about it at Mr J.'s this mornin'. They think he must 'ave somebody 'id in 'is rooms—ha! ha!'

'Ha! ha! 'im and 'is friend 'ad a night of it last night; I found 'em a-lyin' on the 'earth-rug together this mornin'.'

'What! 'im and Mr Whiskybottle?'

'Yes; 'e was 'oldin' 'im tight round the neck; and there was the lamp smashed close to 'em. I suppose they got quarrellin'—ha! ha!'

'Ha! ha! And it's nothink but Mr Whiskybottle?'

'Nothink at all. When 'em two gets together, they don't part easy, I know. And you may depend upon it Mr Whiskybottle will be one too many for Mr E. some day.'

Putting together what he had overheard and what Johnson had told him, Jenkins and his friends hit upon the true solution of the puzzle. Ewart's 'fling' had affected him in a manner which is said to be not unusual. It had brought him into a state of mind and body, and especially nerves, such as is tolerable enough (for the young and strong) so long as daylight and company or

occupation are to be had, but is insupportable (without stimulant) when night, and solitude, and reaction come on; so Ewart took stimulants; and his was an organisation over which stimulants exercise irresistible influence. So long as there was the presence of anybody to restrain him and occupy his attention, his abstemiousness was remarkable; but it was the abstemiousness of a nature which shrinks from exposure, and is distrustful of itself. As his bedmaker truly said, when he and Mr Whiskybottle got alone together, they were not easily parted; and he would throw off his proud reserve, and shout, and shriek, and laugh, and talk freely to his companion with the enlivening powers, but with no eye to see, or ear to hear, or tongue to tell—and yet with a mute sign-language which was sure, sooner or later, to betray him.

In this manner, George Ewart went on until the time came for his final examination. He 'got through,' as the saying is, was duly gazetted B.A., and went through the usual preparation (accompanied in the evening by Mr Whiskybottle) for undertaking the cure of souls. One of the steps he had to take was to obtain 'college testimonials.' These were by no means unchecked, for, though he received tolerably satisfactory certificates from the majority of the college authorities, the Master wrote him the following recommendation to any bishop or bishops whose attention he might think it advisable to draw thereto:

ST VALENTINE'S COLLEGE, February 14, 185—

I beg to certify that I have known Mr George Ewart as intimately as our relative positions, uninfluenced by private connection, enabled me to know him, for something like five years; and during that long period, I never heard of one action of his life, or noticed one trait of his character, which would justify me in recommending him for the office of a Christian minister.

CHARLES MERRIMAN, D.D., Master.

This strong evidence of his devotion to the established church, constant attendance at college chapel, Christian charity, and general worth, George Ewart was far too diffident to shew to his friends, but confided to the safe custody of a blazing fire. But there are ways of avoiding the evil designs of malignant doctors of divinity, and Ewart, in spite of Dr Merriman, got ordained to a curacy by means of a little adroit lying (for which, as his poor aunt had borne witness, he had shewn extraordinary aptitude from boyhood).

CHAPTER XII.—THE SHADOW BECOMES SUBSTANCE,
THE ECHO A VOICE.

Meanwhile, Nelly, at the Grimshaws', had been observing with dismay how disproportionate are the many thorns to the few roses of life. It is true she rose in favour with old Grimshaw, but she fell proportionately with the Echo. Nor was the favour in which she stood with the hypochondriac won without bodily and mental suffering. He had taken it into his head that Nelly could mesmerise him out of the neuralgia with which he was (not) afflicted; and so Nelly stood and 'made passes' at him, and pressed his eyelids down with her hands, and drew her delicate finger-tips softly, and slowly, and repeatedly along his bony old wrists, and the prominent old veins on the backs of his skinny old hands; and the old scoundrel smirked and purred like a cat whose poll is rubbed, and declared that it did him 'a deal of good,' and he

'did enjoy it'—as undoubtedly he did, but Nelly and the Echo did not. Everything old Grimshaw wanted had to be done by Nelly; the Echo's nose would have been 'put completely out of joint' had not nature anticipated any such possibility; and the Echo's voice was (in the presence of old Grimshaw) almost unheard. But Mrs Grimshaw had her triumphs. She would take Nelly out with her, and insist upon walking in the most crowded thoroughfares. She would, as often as she could, go over that perilous crossing at Regent Circus, and then she would say to Nelly: 'Now, my dear, I'm going to shut my eyes, and you must guide me safely across. I couldn't answer for myself with my eyes open.' What a responsibility! It is true, gentlemen would sometimes assist her, but somehow she thought they were a little too kind, and sometimes they protracted their attentions until she was obliged to assume her stateliest manner, and then with difficulty got rid of them; so that, on the whole, she preferred the rough policeman, who would say: 'Ere, come along wi' me, miss;' would stop aristocratic-looking carriages by the lifting of his (comparatively) little finger; would remark on the passage that it was 'just the time o' day for 'alf a pint o' beer,' and would take even a threepenny-piece without asking what it was. The Echo also shewed that she could originate utterances what time she and Nelly were engaged together in domestic matters, especially when they were in the storeroom, which was out of old Grimshaw's hearing. There Nelly would hear what spite can inspire old women to say. One morning, after old Grimshaw had refused bread and butter of his wife's cutting, and had said to Nelly: 'You cut me some, my dear; she cuts it so clumsily I can't eat it,' the Echo had been unusually savage and initiative of sounds.

'Mr Grimshaw is married,' she said suddenly and fiercely to Nelly.

'Ma'am!' cried Nelly in utter astonishment.

'I say, Miss Finch, Mr Grimshaw is married: if he marries anybody else till I'm dead, it's bigamy (which I believe is a capital crime, though it is so common); and let me tell you, I am not going to die just yet.'

'I do not understand you,' said Nelly with dignity.

'Oh, don't you? Don't you indeed?' sneered the Echo. 'I know now what he meant by saying you would marry well.'

'Mrs Grimshaw,' rejoined Nelly, turning deadly pale, 'I came here expecting to have a great deal to put up with, but I will not be insulted. You or I must leave this room; either of us can do all that is needful.—You will not? Then I will'—and Nelly rushed from the room, encountering in her headlong passage Dr Snell, who, seeing her in tears, at once drew her aside into a little waiting-room, and insisted upon knowing what was wrong.

For a time, there was nothing to be got from Nelly but sobs; at last she said: 'You dear, kind friend, I cannot tell you exactly what it is, but Mrs Grimshaw has—been—so—unkind.'

'Confound the old cat!' said Dr Snell; 'and the worst of it is, she's not a patient of mine; she's far too cunning for that, for she knows she deserves to have twinges—not in her conscience (for I don't believe she has any), but, as M. P.s say, in "another place" (of which she has a great deal too much), and she knows I'm the man to give her what she deserves. She goes in a mean, sneaking way to a homeopathic fellow, who allows her the luxury of

shamming ill nearly all the year round, and of taking powerless medicines about a dozen times a day, at a cost of three-halfpence a week. But we'll find out some way of stopping her bilious tongue (and it's as furry as a cat's back, I know). So good-bye, my dear, and we'll see about a tonic for you.—Don't be alarmed—let me look at your tongue: that will do, that will do: we'll send you a nice tonic—in a white choker and a clerical coat,' muttered the doctor to himself as he bustled away. 'I know young Ewart's at the Platts', and a word to that good soul, Mrs Platt, is *verbum sapienti*.'

That same afternoon, then, Mrs Platt and Augusta Platt, and the Rev. George Ewart, B.A., invaded the Grimshaws. The barbarians—made no resistance, and even supplied provisions; that is, prevailed upon one of the invaders to stay to dinner. This was the reverend gentleman, whose correct costume had completely reinstated him in the good opinion of Mrs Platt, her daughters, and Nelly; for, in the case of many worthy ladies, a clerical garb will so completely cover a multitude of sins that they cannot detect a single one. The white choker had completely dazzled and blinded Mrs Platt, so that she who had before detected 'with half an eye' the moral crookedness of a young man in a blue scarf and garments to match, could not, with two whole eyes, discern the gaunt form of the wicked wolf beneath the clothing of the reverend sheep. And, indeed, since George Ewart had been ordained (that is to say, for some weeks past), he had been staying with friends, and had perforce given up (at anyrate for a time) the indulgence of such unhealthy cravings as had resulted from the final 'fling.' When, therefore, Mrs Platt and Augusta took their departure (for they 'couldn't leave dear Caroline to dine alone; and it's so different with you, Mr Ewart, and we shouldn't dream of letting you go back with us out of mere politeness'), the former took occasion, as she walked with Nelly down to the door, to say under her breath: 'I really think he looks better every time I see him in his clerical dress: he is getting quite the calm, placid, fatherly, clergyman's air. I sometimes fancy, when he smiles, there is something quite beautiful—almost holy—in his face.—What do you say, dear?' 'Well, I think he is decidedly improved,' answered Nelly in low tones; 'and I quite agree with you that his dress seems to become him more every time I see him in it. But— Oh, good-bye, Augusta, dear; good-bye, Mrs Platt;' for Augusta, who had been walking on some distance in front with Ewart, now ran back to say good-bye, as Nelly stopped at the bottom of the staircase.

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

CHAPTER XVII.—'THE YEARS, THE YEARS THEY GLIDE AWAY.'

SEVENTEEN years have passed away since the date of our last chapter, and with them almost an entire generation. The mountains about Sandal-thwaite, the lake, the canopy of heaven, remain the same, but how different the eyes that look upon them! The unchangeable beauty of nature has something of unmercifulness about it, and even of cruelty. How terrible it would be if a woman, whom we loved in youth, should keep the beauty year after year that once so ravished, while we grew old and cold! What a shocking spectacle

must Ninon de l'Enclos, in her seventieth year, but yet in the fulness of her charms, have afforded to her contemporaries! In those dull Memoirs of Madame de Genlis, there is a story of a man who fell in love with three generations of women: in the heyday of life, he wooed a lovely damsel, who married another man; then wooed her daughter with similar ill success; and eventually married the grandchild. That could scarcely have been an alliance of the affections, but it was surely better than if he had wedded his first love, and she had kept her youthful good looks to the last. In coming upon some scene where man has been busy of late years planting or building, we often hear some ancient observe: 'I knew this place when there was not a tree, or a roof' (as the case may be) 'to be seen.' But there is infinitely more pathos, to aged eyes, in a place where nothing of external nature has changed since they looked upon it half a century ago. It is strange if remembrance does not touch them, then, even to tears, although the old are rarely moved to weep: not the recollection of any event, perchance, that may have happened in that very place so long ago, but the thought of what they were, and the involuntary comparison it suggests with what they are.

Upon them, however, who remain in the same unchanging spot for their lives long, such thoughts, happily for themselves, do not intrude. Not one, I think, of our old friends at Sandal-thwaite, for instance, was seriously affected by them, after the lapse of time I speak of. Mr Wilson had, it is true, exchanged his advanced middle age to very near the threescore years and ten which have been described as the limit of man's life; but that was by no means the case in the wholesome Cumberland village, where many a man of eighty, and even beyond it, was hale and hearty yet, and even did some work about the changeless fells, where he had strayed in childhood. Every day had brought its accustomed duties to the good pastor, and he was scarcely conscious of the flight of time: all that he knew about it was, that in his later years his cup of blessings had been fullest, with his simple, comely wife to tend and love him, and his beautiful daughter Lucy to be loved and tended. He is by half-a-dozen years the senior of Dr Warton, but that professor of the science of health has failed to preserve himself from the ravages of time so well as Mr Wilson, who, except that his white locks are thinned, and a certain venerableness—the halo of a well-spent life—has settled upon his benignant features, looks much the same as ever to that flock, the majority of which he has both christened and united in wedlock (for, at Sandal-thwaite, men do not go far afield to choose their wives) with his own hands. But the doctor, although still carrying his huge frame tolerably upright, is not the man he was. His eyes are become lustreless, and his face has fallen in, and his hands tremble as with the palsy, until he has set himself right, as he calls it, with strong drink. Disinclined as the good folks his neighbours are for change, there is even talk of getting another doctor at Sandal-thwaite, who may be relied upon to do his duty at all times, which is certainly not the case with Herbert Warton. Not only, however, has his practice hitherto not fallen

off (since there was no one else to take it), but it has been remarked of late years that the doctor has not wanted for money. There must certainly be some antiseptic qualities about good brains which prevent their possessor succumbing so easily as the dullards to decay, for, considering the doctor's age and habits, it is wonderful that he is still alive; whereas Miles Ripson, who is more than twenty years his junior, and only just beginning middle life, exhibits many of the signs of a premature old age. He still resides at the Nook, but the farm is in the hands of others, and he has nothing whatever, it is said, to do with its receipts; nay, he has actually returned to his old employment in the wad-mine, a thing not to be wondered at in itself, since his dissolute habits have left him almost penniless (notwithstanding assistance again and again received, thanks to his wife, from the mistress of Dewbank Hall), but very strange when we consider that he works as a common miner under his old rival, George Adams, who is now head manager at the wad-hole.

Mary Ripson, though a matron of eight-and-thirty, looks in better case than when we saw her last, even putting her then interesting condition out of the question. The cause of this alteration for the better began, singularly enough, in the loss of her first and only child; for when it was considered inexpedient that Mrs Woodford should nurse the young squire, the services of Mary were called in to perform that office, the infant being for the time transferred to the farm; and afterwards its foster-mother took up her residence at the Hall, which even now is at least as much her home as Ander Nook. Good food and care, and still more enfranchisement from her drunken husband's rule, soon produced their effect, and the relics of her good looks thus restored, she still retains. Although she and her husband are not on the best of terms, he no longer ill-treats her; and she has been permitted to supply the place of the library of romantic fiction which that worse than Saracen once threw behind the fire. Whether any affection for her first love still smoulders within her, none can tell; but the darling of her heart, to all outward seeming, is young Bentinck Woodford (so named by his father in compliment to his wife's late parent, Captain Bentinck Morke), a lad of seventeen, but whose stalwart form and hirsute lip give him the appearance of a man of five-and-twenty. This young gentleman repays the affection of his foster-mother by his occasional presence at Ander, but it is whispered that he goes there rather for the purpose of drinking with her husband, than from any sentimental gratitude to Mrs Ripson. Sentiment, perhaps, was scarcely to be expected in the offspring of Ernest Woodford and his wife, but there is, unhappily, not even propriety. Youth, for the present, is in his favour, and if a face without intelligence can be said to be possessed of beauty, Bentinck Woodford is splendidly handsome. There, however, the list of his attractions abruptly ends. Fond of low company, he would not only be present, if permitted, at every wrestling-ring in Cumberland, but, sinking his social position like another Nero, would himself compete for the belts in the arena; nay, worse than all, would take the chair at the public-house, and preside at the gross festivities that closed the day—a Tony Lumpkin without his humour.

No wonder that Ernest Woodford, finding himself the father of such a son, and of no other, should

have grown to look worn and aged. He had never had the appearance of a young man, even when he really was so, but he now looked like some malevolent gnome just escaped after five hundred years of imprisonment in his own wad-mine: his dark face, like that of some ebony god from a Chinese joss-house, was slashed in a hundred grotesque and ghastly wrinkles; his hair, which for years has been as white as snow, is growing very scant; and his voice, always shrill and dissonant, had acquired the peevish treble of an octogenarian. But neither years nor sorrow had had power to bow him; his tough sinews did their work, albeit with but little elasticity. His frame was still erect, and his will was as inflexible as of old, though he did not always have his way. So few people do in this world—except some emperor, perhaps, who has to pay for it by standing pistol-fire at irregular intervals—that we may broadly say, 'Nobody gets it.'

Mrs Woodford is also greatly aged since we last saw her; years have affected her as they have her husband, and as they affect most men and women, by intensifying her characteristics. When the divines tell us to repent while there is yet time, there is another reason for their importunity besides that death gapes for us at every footfall: the older we grow, the more difficult it is for us to change, not only our habits, but our ways of thought. The old saying of the Romanist (filched from its originator, by the by, and put into the mouths of more than one Protestant martyr), when placed under the hydraulic-press of royal persuasion that he should change his religion: 'Sire, in this faith I was born, in this faith I have lived all my life, and in this faith I do prefer to die,' is the reply that the great majority of middle-aged people are prone to make, if not to their querists, to themselves. While we are still young, our minds are open to impressions, and occasions can be improved to our intellectual and spiritual advantage, notwithstanding that the end seems so far off, and the cutting short of our days so unlikely a contingency; but by the time we are really drawing near to the grave's mouth, when not even the most favourable views taken by the actuaries afford us more than half-a-dozen more years of life, our feet very rarely leave the paths they have trodden so long: we have walked to and fro within our little exercise-ground—whether garden, or waste, or prison-yard—with such plodding persistence, that it is worn to a low level, and we are every day more disinclined to make the effort requisite to leave it, and step up on to new ground. The walking may be easier there, perhaps, and may even lead to very splendid prospects, but we had rather be where we are. We have got on pretty well there, upon the whole; and as to its ending in something worse than a quagmire at the very last, let us hope that that is an exaggeration. Few of us are so audacious as to say that it will be time enough *then* to think about turning back; we have simply made up our minds 'to risk it,' and we generally do so; with what result those only know who unhappily cannot inform us, and it is doubtful whether we should heed them if they could.

Mrs Woodford was fatter and duller, and more phlegmatic than ever. Her scanty flaxen ringlets, ravished by the rude lover Time, had been replaced by a luxuriant brown front, but the deception was so transparent as to absolve it of every fraudulent intent; her complexion had not altered—

for cream-colour is a very fast tint—but her pink eyes had grown paler, and what housewives call 'washed out.' This was not, however, through weeping. Whatever Mrs Woodford suffered from the indifference of her husband, or the ill-conduct of her son, she kept to herself: no one at Dewbank Hall had ever seen its mistress shed a tear. She scarcely ever originated an observation, and replied to any that were addressed to her in the shortest terms consistent with civility, for her nature was incapable of 'snapping you up.' She never took in hand anything approaching to a book, except Lingard's *History of England*, which happened to be the title of the backgammon board at Dewbank Hall; she played for an hour every evening at that old-fashioned game, sometimes with the doctor, but more generally (for he was not so frequent a guest as he used to be) with her niece Evelyn. Mrs Woodford had always called her by her full title, and never Evy, even when she was a child, all abbreviations of Christian names being abhorrent to her aristocratic mind. Her thin lips would sometimes curl in scorn, when her husband, in rare moments of good-humour with his offspring, called him 'Ben.' "'Ben' is short for Benjamin, Mr Woodford," she would remark, looking up from her embroidery, 'but I never heard of a Bentinck being so denominated.' She was all day long either at her embroidery-frame, or pursuing some one of those ephemeral arts which make studios of our drawing-rooms for a season—not often for two—and then disappear from human ken. They do not descend, like our vices, to the lower classes; there is not enough vitality about them for that; but while they last, they make perfect devotees of women like Clementina Woodford. Berlin-wool work, wax-flower making, tatting, crochet, potichomanie, decalcomanie, each in turn had sway over the mistress of Dewbank Hall; but that whose dynasty began with the earliest, and survived them all, was embroidery. The scutcheon of the Ballygaboolies was perpetuated, as far as canvas and wool could do it, all over the house; they faced the firescreens, they covered the sofa-cushions, they exasperated Mr Woodford by clinging to his head and shoulders whenever he leaned back in his chair.

Evelyn Sefton had applied herself to all these various arts in turn, to please her aunt; but she was too sensible, as well as too studious, to practise them of her own accord. What *she* did with needle and thread—and she did a good deal—was of a more useful kind. To the children, and especially the infants of the poor, she was a second Dorcas. She was her uncle's almoner: without her intervention, the parish would have been by much the poorer, and it was not always an easy task to tap the fountain of the Black Squire's charity; but she had scarcely any money of her own to give away; therefore, it behoved her, as she thought, to do that for others with her hands which she could not do with her purse-strings. And if the love of all the Sandalthwaite folk could repay her for such help as she had to give, Evelyn Sefton had her reward. What a shame it was, said the gossips, that so beautiful a young lady as Miss Evy should have grown to be near eight-and-twenty, and yet not have found a husband! True, there was never a man on earth that was good enough for her, but still it seemed a pity: even an approximation to the impossible male paragon would have been more satisfactory than none at all. It was not in accor-

dance with the fitness of things that Miss Evy should be single: if she had died young, and become an angel, which would scarcely have been any change at all in one so good and fair, they would not have been surprised; the best are often taken first; but that she should eventually turn out an old maid, was incomprehensible. How different it would have been, whispered some of the older folks, had Master Charlie lived! He would have grown up worthy of her. They would have made as pretty a pair as eye could look upon, and as good as heart could wish; but then it was not to be. Unconscious of these well-meant regrets on the part of her poor neighbours, Evelyn Sefton had grown thus far into womanhood without losing any of the beauty of her youth, or, if she had done so, exchanging it for other charms which compensated for its absence. Simple and modest as ever, circumstances had occurred at the Hall, between her uncle and aunt, and in relation to her scapegrace cousin Bentinck, which had brought out the natural strength and firmness of her character. She was still the favourite of the squire, although his paternal pride prevented him from owning it even to himself; and more singular still, Mrs Woodford treated her, not affectionately indeed, for warmth of feeling was not in her, but with the same kindness and consideration as though she herself had had no son. The birth of the heir of Sandalthwaite had not destroyed Evelyn's gentle influences, and now that he was growing up, she had become more necessary to her uncle and aunt than ever. Often had she shielded the young scoundrel from the effects of his father's easily roused ire; often had made excuses for his misdeeds, or mitigated their heinousness when excuse there was none; and often had she endeavoured to win the lad from his evil ways with a sweet persuasion that brought many a promise from his lips, though its fruit was never seen. Her chief, and indeed only companion was Lucy Wilson, whom we left in her cradle, but who was now a charming damsel of eighteen—a ray of sunshine in the quiet Parsonage, as Evelyn was at the gloomy Hall, but shedding by no means so uniform a light, but an uncertain April brightness, intermitted by wilful clouds and wayward showers.

Thus, as we have endeavoured briefly to indicate, had the lapse of years affected our friends at Sandalthwaite; and having sketched them so that recognition may be easy, we leave the quiet valley and its indwellers for the present, for other folks and another scene.

CHAPTER XVIII.—A KNIGHT-ERRANT.

There are many worse places in London than the narrow streets in the eastward of Leicester Square, but there are few dirtier or more depressing. A mere low neighbourhood only suggests poverty, which excites pity, or crime, which awakens fear; but there is a pretentiousness about the streets I have in my mind that moves one to grim mirth. Literature and art have both established themselves in that quarter, and the drama flourishes in many a fancy-dress and theatrical wig-shop; but all these are on their last legs. The bookstalls are as crowded as elsewhere, but there is an undue proportion of school-books, side by side with those railway novels, the covers of which are but too often brilliant and striking in inverse ratio to their contents. The emporiums of art are numerous, but the chief items of their contents are cheap

Chinese dragons, antique Eastern daggers (made at Birmingham), and labelled with unnecessary precaution 'Poisoned,' and half-cleaned pictures, representing within a single frame a demi-example of the tea-tray and signboard schools contrasted with one of Rembrandt's.

From these narrow streets, still narrower alleys radiate in all directions, 'short-cuts' from the world without, which the ambition of the inhabitants has established into their territory; and at the intersection of these alleys, there are miniature squares, hidden as the central statue in a Maze, and silent except for the occasional echoes of rapid feet—footsteps of people who have lost their way, and are hurrying back again. The houses in these squares are very small and ugly, but they are cheap, and, by comparison with the thoroughfares that surround them, clean. The inhabitants, although scarcely belonging to the liberal professions, follow no trade. A canary or two chirps at the upper windows, and, in the summer, boxes of mignonette adorn the same; but the lower windows are almost always closed, and the blinds pulled half-way down. Evidences of refined taste contrast themselves curiously with a disinclination for the sunshine and fresh air, and suggest the notion of Gentility in Adversity desiring to escape from observation, and without doubt obtaining its object. Even on this April Sabbath, so soft and windless that it seems to be the herald of the summer rather than the Spring, Perdu Square flings up no ground-floor window to welcome it, save one. This one, however, is open to its fullest extent, so that any neighbours (for passengers there are none) who chance to pass it can behold every action of the inmate of the little room.

A fine, broad-shouldered, athletic man, not more in reality than four-and-thirty, but looking a year or two older by reason of his enormous beard and sun-dried face, is seated there at breakfast. He does not give much trouble to the servant of the house, for he has toasted his bread with his own hands, and is now boiling his eggs in a little saucepan over his own fire. His whole appearance gives one assurance of an independent spirit, accustomed to shift for himself in all things, without very much regard to what people who stand upon their dignity may think of such conduct. One might almost suppose that he had been his own tailor, so ill-fitting and loose were his garments; and yet they were not such as are sold at the slop-shops, but rather of a foreign and outré make, like those a man wears who has only just arrived in his native land after long travel, and before he has had time to relit; nor were they able to conceal the strength and symmetry of his limbs, which would have been quite remarkable had it not been for the superior attraction of his face. Notwithstanding the huge beard (an appendage which gives a uniform truculence to all ordinary countenances), and his swarthy and weather-beaten hue, his features were almost feminine in their delicacy of shape; and his eyes, although too thoughtful to be very genial, had that sober tenderness in them, widely different from amorous passion, which bespeaks more certainly than any other outward sign the great and gentle heart. His every movement, even the rising from his seat after his hearty meal, and the stooping of his head beneath the window, as he looked out to assure himself of the character of the weather, shewed marvellous ease and power. After apparently having

satisfied himself, by this reconnaissance, of the honesty of the day's intentions, he produced from a huge cigar-case, made of dried Pampas-grass, a very large Manila, lit it, and reaching down a wide-awake hat of portentous dimensions, stepped out into the open air.

That first-cousin to a Spanish sombrero was the only thing that was required to complete its wearer's isolation in London streets, and it would have done so, even had the rest of his appearance consorted better than it did with that of his fellow-countrymen; for the wearing of a silk-hat upon a Sunday is a necessity with every Londoner above the rank of an artisan: he may set conventionality at defiance in more momentous matters; he may refuse to go to church or chapel; he may invite other Sabbath-breakers as wicked as himself to use his private billiard-table; but what his audacity dare not venture upon is to wear any head-covering whatsoever, in town or country, upon that sacred day, except that hideous, tall, round, brow-cutting thing, useless against wind and sun, and ruined by rain, which we call a hat. 'Mad as a hatter,' says the proverb; but surely madder are the people who demand such a commodity as this, and stare with wonder upon all (except the Bluecoat Boys) who are wise enough to reject it. Thus they stared at our new acquaintance, as he took his way westward, and so soon as he had passed through Leicester Square, for there nobody wonders at any peculiarity of costume, not that good-manners particularly prevail in that locality, but because foreigners, and very funny ones, do. Our friend in the strange headgear does not much mind being stared at, and stares about him a good deal in his turn, like a new-comer in a foreign land. The quiet of the unpopulous streets surprises him, and the closed shutters of the shops. Can this be roaring London, of which he has heard so much far across the seas, and the tumult of which beat upon his ear last night, even in his secluded lodging, like the thunders of 'the league-long roller on the reef,' in the clime from which he had arrived but a few days ago? He had never before seen London in its Puritan garb; and its Sabbath dulness and sombrely attired inhabitants contrasted sharply with the towns and people to which he was accustomed. There were no idle soldiers in slip-shod uniforms; no priests; no beady-eyed negroes, carrying red water-jars upon their woolly heads; no sad-looking Indian mothers, with their slender babes astride upon their hips; no half-caste, half-dressed beauties with armlets and necklaces of gold. How different were those solid blocks of houses, each built after the pattern of the other, from the familiar one-storied, irregular dwellings, mean and fragile, and set in fenceless gardens, ravaged by hog and goat, but where, on the other hand, the luxuriance of nature clothed the most commonplace object with beauty, and instead of naked lamp-posts and stumpy pillar letter-boxes, the massive crowns of the mangoes and the feathery honours of the palms towered above orange and lemon blossoms, and the glorious banana cast its soft and varying green over every porch.

He strolled down to the river, and surveyed the teeming current, alive with tiny steamers, or bearing a thousand close-reefed vessels (and that by which he had crossed half the world among them), emptied of their crews, and lazily swinging with the tide; and while he gazed, the scene dissolved before him, and in its place he beheld

another river, sailless indeed, but compared with which the Thames is as a rivulet a child might leap, thousands of miles long, and deep almost as the sea itself, and broad, so that the two banks cannot be seen at once even from its centre; or where they can be seen, present two dense walls of infinitely various trees, rising cliff-like from the very waters; or if not so, where the stream is bordered only by long grasses, since the fury of its course has prostrated the mighty trunks on both sides, and whirled them down, not only to the coast, but scores and scores of miles into the Atlantic, before the terrible force of that great current succumbs to the all-surrounding sea, and leaves its prey. Men may travel and travel, and their minds, 'like copper-wire, only grow the narrower by going further;' and indeed, I think this is generally the case. To send a dull fellow to behold the beauties of nature, is just as useless as to over-educate him at home—he only comes back to bore one with the information which persons of his class have already supplied in the geographies; but one who has a heart to appreciate as well as a brain to understand, is benefited by having seen the rolling prairie, the giant river, the primeval forest, beyond all practical measure. He may not be benefited by them practically at all, nor, in truth, is he likely to have been; but he has laid up for himself a store of mental food for life, no matter in what commonplace circumstances he may be afterwards placed: the smaller inconveniences and anxieties of civilised existence are dwarfed for ever to the man who has camped for months in the stillness of the pathless woods, and carried his life in his hand.

So was it with our new acquaintance. He was glad to revisit his native land: there was something dearer at home than anything which he had left in that far-away clime, and the thought of it had comforted him there throughout his stay, and had brought him back at last. But he had rendered himself almost wholly independent of the narrow influences which affected nineteen-twentieths of those whom he met and passed in London streets that April Sunday; while his sympathy with them, from his long estrangement, perhaps, from all that called itself English, was, on the contrary, keen and strong.

Leaving the bridge, then, on which he had stood so long, with a sigh that spoke more of recollection of the past than of regret for it, he was once more strolling westward with steps aimless as ever, but very different from the dawdling tread of the street-lounger, when his ear was suddenly pierced by a cry of pain: it was a shrill and feeble sound, but expressed intense and sudden physical agony; and the effect upon him who heard it was as though he had himself received some violent and painful blow. His swarthy face in an instant grew black as a storm-cloud, his large eyes lost all their softness, and absolutely blazed with wrath, as, uttering some hasty words in Spanish, he bounded rather than ran to the place from which the cry had proceeded. This was a public arcade, used as a thoroughfare on week-days, but guarded from intrusion upon the Sabbath by a gate at one end, and at the other by a solitary beadle of imposing stature and severe aspect. A poor little beggar-girl, who had either managed to remain secreted there all night, or had slipped into it for shelter out of the wind, which had become keen and easterly within the last hour or so, was cringing in a corner of this place, and holding up her thin and naked arm to ward off a

second blow from the beadle's walking-stick. The first had already left its mark upon the delicate flesh in a thick blue wheel.

'Get out, you young vagabones; I'll teach you to trespass here,' growled the still angry functionary. 'You may squall and squall, but you won't find nobody to mind you.—No, your arm ain't broken neither, you little liar; and I'm a-going to give you another cut.'

'Son of the devil!' cried our bearded acquaintance, rushing unhesitatingly into this sacred arcade, with its shuttered shops, 'if you touch that child again, I will send you to your father in'—

The precise locality was not, however, destined to be mentioned: the beadle's arm, whether wilfully or involuntarily, descended even while he was speaking, and a cry more piteous and terrible than before burst from the little victim's lips. The next instant, the beadle received a 'facer' that knocked him backwards upon the flagstones, where he lay with only just so much instinct left in him as to cause him to spit a couple of teeth out which had stuck in his throat, and would have else gone nigh to choke him.

'Are you hurt much, my dear?' inquired his assailant of the trembling girl in tones of the utmost tenderness. 'Has that brute really broken your arm?'

'No, sir; I don't think it's broke,' sobbed the poor child—'though it hurts me very, very much.—Don't ye, don't ye bide here, sir, another moment, or the pleeseman'll come and take us both off to prison.'

'Very sensible and good advice, that,' said a strange voice close beside them: 'a burned child dreads the fire; and this young person has, I dare say, been in custody already. Yes, I thought so.—You are quite right to get away, little one, without renewing an acquaintance which (whatever his number) has never, I am sure, been *Al* to you.'

Gathering her rags together with her uninjured arm, and casting one glance of gratitude at her rescuer, the poor little creature fled from the dragon-guarded bower ere these warning words were finished, with a look like that of a hunted hare.

'A wise child,' continued the stranger; 'and if you will permit me to say so, sir, with more sagacity than her knight-errant.—You are not an Englishman, I presume?'

'Yes, sir, I am English,' returned the other quietly. 'Five minutes ago, I was proud of the title. But if children may be beaten with impunity in London streets by every hulking scoundrel with a parish commission, such as this fellow, I shall begin to wish myself of any other nation.'

'And this is your idea of impunity, is it, my friend?' said the stranger comically, pointing to the still prostrate guardian of the law. 'His nose is bleeding, his jaw is smashed, the back of his skull—if a beadle's skull can be broken—is certainly stove in. You may call it poetical justice, a righteous retribution, or any name that suits your chivalric fancy; but I know what a prosaic corner's jury will call it, if they're asked to give their opinion of this transaction; and again I say take example by your little confederate, and Hook it while you can. The expenses of a witness in criminal cases are not defrayed upon a very gorgeous scale, and therefore I am off for one.'

'Is the man seriously hurt, think you?' observed the other, stooping down over the six-feet-two of

parochial authority with some solicitude. 'His cocked-hat'—

'Yes, yes,' cried the stranger vehemently. 'Come along, man, if you don't want to occupy a police-cell until to-morrow morning;' and with that he dragged rather than led his still hesitating companion out of the arcade, into which no inquisitive face had fortunately yet been thrust, and hurrying down the unfrequented streets at its mouth, plunged with him across a thoroughfare teeming with people just emerged from church, like a strong swimmer who has seized a drowning man, and is striking out for shore.

'There!' cried the stranger, when they were safe on the other side; 'with that stream of good folks between us and pursuit, let us hope that we have baffled the blood-hounds of the law. And yet, my dear sir, if I was a policeman, and any little mischance in the way of manslaughter had happened within a quarter of a mile or so of this, I should pick you out as the man who did it, without a moment's hesitation. Don't you see how different you look from everybody about you? O why, O why don't you wear a hat?'

'Really, my good friend,' returned the other laughing, 'I did not know that my poor headgear, which has done such honest service both in heat and cold, and more than once has served me for a pillow in the roofless woods, was an object of such suspicion, although I grant it is far from smart.'

The speaker doffed the article in question, and regarded it with an expression of mingled ruefulness and amusement, very comical to see.

'Don't do that,' exclaimed his Mentor earnestly. 'If you hold a thing like that at arm's-length, you will be taken up for begging.—Forgive me, sir; I mean no offence; but I know my fellow-countrymen so well. I have not the slightest sympathy with their foolish prejudices myself: I don't look as if I had, I hope, sir, do I?'

The speaker certainly did not. There was scarce a greater difference between him and the respectable church-going throng, in whose midst they were now slowly moving, than between the same folks and the young fellow with the beard. His age could not have been under fifty-three, but he carried his years as jantly as the hat, stuck sideways over his bald pate, or as the short stick, which he deftly twirled between his fingers, to the obvious alarm of his shrinking neighbours. He was stout even for his time of life, but there was a lively roll in his gait, which only his perfect naturalness and self-possession prevented from being a swagger; his moustache was gray rather than tawny, but he coaxed it with his white though gloveless hand as tenderly as any cornet of eighteen, while his bright brown eyes flashed hither and thither, and particularly beneath the bonnets of the female passers-by, as though everything was new to them under the sun.

The man with the beard thus adjured by his new friend's, 'Do I?' took a long and steady look at him, longer and steadier than so lightly made a request seemed to demand, and then replied, with something of gravity in his tone: 'No, sir; you certainly are not like these good folks; but like or not, I owe you a debt of gratitude for your prudent advice, and should be obliged if you would favour me with your name.'

'My name is Claude Murphy—a poor painter, sir, but much at your service: you will find my address upon that card.'

'You are very kind,' returned the bearded man thoughtfully—'very kind to a total stranger in this ceremonious city.'

'Not at all, not at all, my good sir; and the fact is, the more I look at you, the more convinced I feel of our not being altogether strangers. I never forget a face—for it is my trade to watch them—and I am almost sure that I have seen your face before. It is one which, without compliment, I may say I ought to be able to associate with its possessor at once, but I cannot call to mind your name.'

'My name is Valentine Blake, sir; just returned from Buenos Ayres, where I have lived these twenty years; and my lodging for the present—a very humble one, but where I shall be pleased to see you—is No. 42 Perdu Square.'

'Blake, Blake,' returned the other, plunged so deep in reflection that he took no notice of his new friend's courteous invitation. 'I know plenty of Blakes, as every Irishman does; but I don't remember a Valentine.'

MY SECOND YEAR'S HOLIDAY.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

WEDNESDAY, July 31.—We are in Otterswick Bay, in the island of Sanday, one of the Orkney Islands, having the previous day quitted the Shetland group, from which we are now separated by a broad sea, not greatly disturbed by traffic. Early in the morning, while the steam is getting up, I go upon deck to talk to the captain, and to see the nature of the country around. A single glance reveals a totally different condition of things from what we had seen for the last few days. Instead of the generally bare and unimproved aspect of Shetland, I observe lands in apparently the highest state of cultivation—fields, of proper dimensions, enclosed by stone dykes, under a rotation of cropping such as one sees in the Lothians; and in place of the thatched hovels of a poor tenantry, large, well-built farm establishments, amidst which rise tall chimneys, indicative of steam-engines, and the other mechanical appliances of an intelligently conducted husbandry.

That is the picture presented by Sanday, and not by it alone; for in the course of this and the succeeding day, I saw, conclusively, that the Orkney islands are, for the most part, in a remarkable state of agricultural advancement. Why such should be the case would, perhaps, involve the telling of a long story. A soil generally fertile, or, at least, susceptible of improvement by draining and otherwise; also enterprising landlords, and farmers with capital, may be presumed to have much to do with the present state of affairs. But, I believe, the explanation would be incomplete were it not mentioned, that no good was done in Orkney until farming was entirely dissociated from fishing. Wherever the two professions are joined, there you see poverty, and worse than poverty, the degradation of women; for on them is imposed—or rather, I should say, by them is voluntarily assumed—the obligations of field-labour, the digging and carrying of peats, and other drudgeries wholly unbefitting their sex. Only in one particular did I notice a

resemblance between Shetland and Orkney, and that was the want of trees. Offering a gratifying spectacle of rural wealth, Orkney had still that deficiency of adornment, which trees and their foliage alone can remedy.

Our operations for the day were to consist in the inspection of three light-houses in succession. The first establishment visited was that on the island of North Ronaldshay; the next was the light-house on Start Point, a promontory of the island of Sanday; and the last of all was a recently erected light-house on the small island of Aukerry, which lies at the entrance to Stronsay Firth, and acts as a guide to the Bay of Kirkwall. The inspecting of them proved a tolerably hard day's work; for the tower of North Ronaldshay is of great height, and the ascent of the long winding stair at Aukerry is scarcely less fatiguing. Thankful that this duty was over, we looked lovingly up the sound to Kirkwall; and when that port, the capital of Orkney, was reached in the course of the afternoon, the Commissioners felt that they had earned a title to some hours of relaxation. There the town lay in front of us, situated with a northern exposure on a spacious declivity to the water, somewhat in the striking manner of Lerwick, but it was of greater extent, and in the midst of all standing out grandly was seen the ancient cathedral of St Magnus.

All of course are going on shore. 'Boat out,' shouts the captain, and off we all pour; dinner being commanded at half-past six o'clock, at which one or two guests may possibly be expected to make their appearance. Rounding a handsome new iron jetty, we are landed at the flight of stone steps at the old pier, and are left to ramble about at will. Brief as was my visit to Kirkwall, it was more than usually satisfactory. I was more pleased with it than with any town of its size I had seen for a long time. It is clean, neat, old-fashioned. The narrow streets, paved all over with flag-stones, as at Lerwick, are lined with buildings of the style of the seventeenth century, when Scottish domestic architecture was distinguished for its picturesque tastefulness. Instead, therefore, of the bald frontages of the eighteenth century, we find in Kirkwall the tapering crow-stepped gables, the ornamental gateways with heraldic insignia, and the small quadrangular courtyards which characterised the era of the later Stuarts. In these well-preserved specimens of an interesting style of architecture, we see the dwellings of the Orcadian gentry in past times, and yet not altogether past, for till this day, the houses I speak of are mostly occupied by a respectable order of families—not degraded by an invasion of paupers from all quarters of the kingdom, as is unhappily the case with the old mansions in Edinburgh. But besides these antique buildings, Kirkwall exhibits traces of modern prosperity and taste, including the erection of a new hotel, the opening of new thoroughfares, and the erection of handsome villas in the neighbourhood.

The first rush of our party was, of course, to the cathedral, an imposing structure of red and light

coloured sandstone, founded in honour of St Magnus at the middle of the twelfth, but not finished till the early part of the sixteenth century. The style is rounded and massive. Long in a very bad condition, much has been done at the cost of the government to clear the nave, and repair parts of the structure, which were greatly damaged. But something remains to be effected. The chancel, enclosed with a glass screen, is stuffed with galleries and a crowd of common-place pews, for the accommodation of the parish church—a thing which might surely be amended. At a short distance are the ruins of the Bishop's Palace, and also the open ruin of the palace or castle of Patrick Stewart, Earl of Orkney, the most infamous of the feudal oppressors of these islands. This last-mentioned, extensive as well as elegant, ruin, is seemingly susceptible of restoration, for the walls are strong and tolerably perfect. I am told that a notion has been entertained of restoring the edifice, in order to serve as a suite of county buildings, which are much required. Within the enclosures occupied by these different ruins, some trees have grown up, to shew us that in sheltered situations, and with other favouring circumstances, trees may even be made to thrive in Orkney.

An acquaintance, who visited Kirkwall five-and-forty years ago, mentions to me that on landing, he was somewhat amused by being made the subject of scrutiny all round by a tailor, who wished to see the latest Edinburgh pattern of clothing. This was in the days of sailing-packets, when matters were somewhat rudimental. Since that primitive period, through the regular visits of steamers and a daily post, Orkney may boast of having no need of strangers as pattern-cards, nor of being without a proper knowledge of the outer world generally. The shops of one kind and another in the principal street in Kirkwall exhibit a profusion of articles sufficient for all wants; and with two native newspapers, the place has nothing to complain of as regards the diffusion of intelligence. The daily mail, however, brought across the Pentland Firth by a steamer from Scrabster to Stromness, gives Orkney an incalculable advantage over Shetland; and the same thing may be said as regards roads, of which I had a good example in an excursion to Stennis.

To be quite plain, the possibility of effecting this excursion had been a leading inducement for quitting home, and giving up a fortnight to the business of the Commission. Our ramble through Kirkwall had accordingly another object besides the sight of St Magnus. It was to hire an open carriage and pair of horses, to take a number of us across the country next morning on this important trip. Having adjusted the matter to our satisfaction, we betook ourselves to the steps at the old pier, and were rowed to the *Pharos*, taking with us the resident sheriff-substitute, Mr Robertson, an old friend, whom we persuaded to honour us with his company at dinner.

THURSDAY, August 1.—This was a great day. While two of the Commissioners and the Secretary remained on board, to proceed with the vessel round by Scapa Flow to Graemsay, a party of five, two being Commissioners—namely, Mr Falshaw, senior baillie of Edinburgh, and myself—set off from the quay in the carriage hired the preceding evening—the arrangement being that we were to be taken on board the *Pharos* at Stromness, opposite Graemsay, at one o'clock in the afternoon.

It was a merry little journey this. We were going to see two of the most remarkable antiquities in Orkney—the Maeshowe and the Standing Stones of Stennis, regarding which volumes have been written, without, I am sorry to say, throwing much light on their history. The truth is, there are numerous memorials of long-past ages, of the origin or meaning of which nobody can say anything satisfactory. In France, England, Scotland, and Ireland there are structural remains which date from a period considerably before the era of written record. We usually speak of the Celts as being the aborigines of these countries; but were they so? That has never been proved. There is, on the contrary, reason for thinking that the Celts were intruders on a more ancient people; and to this early race, of whom all tradition has vanished, we may venture to refer those wonderful circles, such as Stonehenge and Stennis, also those artificial mounds containing vaulted chambers, exemplified in several places in England and Ireland, and at Maeshowe in Orkney. What has considerably mystified the origin of these old structures is, that on many of them have been found Runic or Norse inscriptions, and also Christian symbols, of a date not earlier than the middle ages; but archaeologists are now beginning to understand that these carvings were executed long after the structures were raised, and by a class of persons who knew as little of their origin as we do. Having, two years ago, been bewildered with the gigantic dimensions of Stonehenge, I was prepared for the less imposing circle of Stennis; having, candle in hand, groped my way into a massive underground structure at Newgrange, on the banks of the Boyne, near Drogheda, it was not likely I would be greatly astonished at the sight of Maeshowe. Though ardently desirous of seeing Stennis and Maeshowe, I did not, like most of those who accompanied me, anticipate the pleasure of a new sensation.

Skirting the Bay of Kirkwall on the right, and with Wideford Hill, now agriculturally enclosed and improved, on our left, we drove along a road of singularly good construction; for independently of its commodious width, it is rendered as nearly level as circumstances admit, by cutting through the hillocks and filling up the hollows; and it possesses the additional recommendation of being free of the abomination of toll-bars. Turning the high ground on our left, and with faces directed westward to Stromness, we reach Maeshowe, at the distance of nine miles from Kirkwall. It is situated in a heathy spot on our right, and quitting the carriage, we get at it by crossing a field. Outwardly, there is little to be seen—only a circular grassy tumulus, or barrow, as it is called by antiquaries, measuring 36 feet high, and about 92 feet in diameter at the base, at which a low door presents itself. Made aware of our errand, a girl from the neighbouring farmhouse arrives with the key of the door, a couple of candles, and a box of lucifer-matches. We have also bits of candles with us; and with the whole lighted, we enter the aperture, crouching as we advance along a passage varying from a width of 2 feet 4 inches at the entrance to 3 feet 4 inches at the opening into the interior chamber. The height, low at first, expands to 4 feet 8 inches. The passage is formed by slabs of stone, above, below, and along the sides. On issuing into the central chamber, our candles at first feebly enable us to comprehend its dimensions. These we at length discover. We are in

a vault built of slabs of stone, measuring 15 feet square, except at the corners where there are buttresses. The height is 13 feet. On each of the sides, except that with the entrance, at a height of 3 feet from the floor, there is a square opening to a cell or recess, the largest of which is 7 feet in length by 4 feet 6 inches in breadth. The roof of the vault had originally been constructed with slabs advancing successively layer above layer to the centre; but as a result of recent repairs, when the structure was cleared out and restored to something like its former condition, the roof is now partly composed of arched masonry, with an aperture for ventilation.

As can be easily supposed, this strange subterranean chamber is cold and clammy. The slabs of stone are wet with damp, and nothing induces a protracted stay but the wish to examine certain Runic inscriptions and emblematic figures carved on a few of the stones. These carvings were discovered only at the opening and repairing the chamber, an operation undertaken at the instance of Mr James Farrer, M.P., a learned and enthusiastic antiquary. In a privately circulated work on Maeshowe, by Mr Farrer, and also in a work by Mr J. M. Mitchell, the carvings have been explained partly through the assistance of Norwegian scholars. All refer to Vikings and other Scandinavian heroes, or to transactions in the middle ages. There is nothing to tell of the origin of the structure. We are left to conjecture that it was erected as a sepulchral vault in extremely remote times; and being opened by Scandinavian rovers, in the hope of discovering hidden treasure, they used it as a resort or hiding-place, and carved the inscriptions which still remain to attest their visits. Obviously, the building and the passage communicating with it were erected on the open plain, and then covered with the earth which forms the tumulus. There is at some distance an environing mound and ditch, still pretty entire.

The whole structure bears as close a resemblance to the vaulted tumuli in other parts of the British Islands as the choice of material will permit. I observed that at Newgrange the walls are composed of tall blocks set on end; whereas, at Maeshowe, the slabs are built one above another (without mortar), as in an ordinary wall. This general resemblance points to a common origin. We have yet to learn, however, why this part of Orkney should be so rich in memorials of an extreme antiquity. Was it one of the last refuges of the race who constructed Stonehenge? Certainly, at all events, the circles of stone, wherever situated, were the work of a kindred people.

Looking westwards from Maeshowe, we observe, at the distance of a mile and a half, on a heathy tongue of land projected between two lochs, all that remains of the great stone circle of Stennis. In walking thither, we have occasion to pass three slabs stuck on end, and one or two fallen, being what had formed part of a circle of limited radius—the remainder of the group having been, a number of years ago, ruthlessly destroyed, and carted off for building purposes. Quitting these, we pass two detached stones standing gauntly by the wayside; and, according to all accounts, various others have fallen down, and been removed. For the disappearance of one stone we may feel a special regret. It was the upright pillar perforated by a circular hole, through which loving couples were wont to join hands when they took the Promise of

Odin, as is referred to by Sir Walter Scott, in the *Pirate*. The whole of the detached stones appear to be the relics of a kind of avenue between the lesser and the larger circle. One of these vertical slabs stands at the commencement of a causeway which crosses a channel between the two contiguous lochs, and underneath which the tide is suffered to flow through conduit-like apertures. By this causeway, designated the Bridge of Brogar, we reach the tongue of land on which the circle of Stennis is situated.

Occupying an elevated piece of ground, with an inclination towards us, the circle stands well out, and we at once recognise its general appearance. A few paces up the ascent from the road along the side of the inner loch, bring us to it; but it is environed by a sunk ditch, that is to be crossed before we get within the circle. I have no difficulty in perceiving that it is inferior in several important particulars to Stonehenge, which, as is well known, comprised two circles, one within the other; the outer one, consisting of thirty upright blocks, being connected together by squared slabs laid horizontally along the top, so as to form a complete ring. We have no such artistic traces at Stennis. The stones are unshapely slabs, stuck in the ground just as they had been excavated from the quarry, and there has been no connecting ring of stones around the top of the circle. Comparatively inferior as it may be, the circle of Stennis is nevertheless a remarkably interesting relic of antiquity; it may be fairly styled the Stonehenge of Scotland, and is exceedingly worthy of a visit.

The circle, which has a diameter of 366 feet, occupies a slope with an inclination to the east; one side being 6 or 7 feet lower than the other. Originally, as is thought, there had been sixty stones in the circle. In the course of time, a number have been improperly taken away. At present, there are sixteen standing, and about as many lying on the ground. As it would be a simple matter to have these raised and stuck in their former positions, I suggested to Mr Falshaw that we should there and then initiate a public subscription to have the fallen stones raised and set in their places, and also to set securely upright those which were leaning over; a suggestion which instantly met with approval. Mr Marwick, City Clerk, who was with us, undertook to bring the subject before the Council of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, under whose auspices the work should be undertaken, after procuring the concurrence of the proprietor, Mr Balfour of Balfour and Trenaby. In carrying out this moderate restoration, it would be proper to clear out the exterior fosse, which is partially grown up, and likewise to repair some tumuli in the vicinity, that have been left in an odiously defaced condition by explorers.

On our way back to the carriage, the Bailie asked how old I thought the circle was, and what was the purpose of its erection. 'These,' I said, 'are very puzzling questions: if I ventured to say that circles of that kind are three thousand years old, I would probably be within the truth as to their antiquity; the purposes of their construction were most likely some kind of pagan religious rites, but after such rites were abandoned, the circles may still have been used as places of public assemblage.' This, I believe, is the sum and substance of all that can be reasonably said about the circles of Stonehenge, Stennis, Callernish in Lewis, or any similar monument. If they defy our

investigation, they at least invite a rational curiosity, and, as relics of long by-past ages, mutely appeal to us for protection.

From the point where the cross-road to Stennis joins the main thoroughfare, the distance is about five miles to Stromness, the approach to which, across a ridge of high ground, affords a comprehensive view of the lofty island of Hoy, with the intermediate low island of Graemsay. Stromness, a long straggling town, situated on a well-sheltered bay, had little to interest us. Shortly after we had taken a walk through the place, the *Pharos* made its appearance in the bay, and making a signal from a slip of quay, a boat was put out to take us on board. With some regret, we now parted with Mr Marwick, who was left to return by the carriage to Kirkwall, where he designed to remain for a few days.

The bay opposite Stromness is an offshoot of the Sound of Hoy, by which, after an inspection of a light-house on Graemsay, the vessel pursued its way into the Pentland Firth. In rounding the bold western coast of Hoy, we are brought in sight of the tall natural column of red sandstone, detached from the cliff by the action of the sea, and known as the Old Man of Hoy. This strange figure, like a petrified giant, seems to stand as a sort of out-sentinel of the Orkneys, and we see it for a great distance in crossing the Firth to Caithness. Fortunately for us, the weather had now become exceedingly pleasant, and still more fortunate, the contending tides of the Firth were at rest. Early in the evening, we arrived safely at Scrabster, in the Bay of Thurso.

Brought back to the mainland of Scotland, I may cease the scribbling of these random notes. Only a few words remain to be added. On Friday, August 2, the *Pharos* passed Dunnet Head and John o' Groat's House, and called at the Pentland Skerries. On Saturday, stopping at light-houses *en route*, it reached Cromarty Firth, where it lay all Sunday, and on Monday, arrived at Inverness, where the second voyage, with other commissioners, was to commence. Pressed by public duties, I returned by railway from Invergordon, on the Cromarty Firth, and reached home on Monday afternoon; thus concluding my Second Year's Holiday, of which I shall ever retain as pleasant recollections as of the first.

W. C.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

VERY miscellaneous are the topics of holiday-time—the Academy of Sciences at Paris are discussing a batch of old (?) letters put forward by the veteran mathematician Chasles, in which Pascal is made to appear as the author or suggester of the great theories and discoveries made by Isaac Newton, and to have communicated them when Newton was a boy about twelve years of age. If the letters be genuine, the laurels hitherto worn by the English philosopher will have to be transferred to the learned Frenchman; but their genuineness is doubted, and good reason shewn for the doubt, even among the Academicians, some of whom believe that Mr Chasles has been made the dupe of an artful forger. While some scientific men are busy with this topic, others are mourning the

decease of Michael Faraday, who, at the age of seventy-six, has gone to his rest, after achieving for science some of her noblest triumphs, and with such conscientiousness and disregard of self as might be envied by that ever-multiplying throng whose devotion to science is nothing but a badly disguised and noisy love of themselves. Let us hope that the biographer of Michael Faraday will be one able to appreciate his moral as well as his intellectual qualities.

Confession of delinquencies appears to have become contagious among railway directors ; and shareholders and the public at large are made to see how scandalously commercial character and millions of money can be flung away in *moral and religious* England. Notwithstanding all this, money is so abundant, that capitalists do not know what to do with it. Thirteen clipper ships are racing all the way from China, each eager to arrive the first with her cargo of tea : the National Portrait Exhibition is closed, and circulars have already been sent out inviting contributions for a third and concluding exhibition, which is to be held in 1868 : the Social Science Association have held their annual meeting at Belfast, and we venture to hope they have made Ireland understand that her way out of difficulty is through industry and self-control : the journey-men tailors of London, having undergone a trial at law, and a verdict against them, are learning a lesson in fair-play, which, perhaps, will lead them some day to a comprehension of the important truth, that the best way to get on in the world is to let one another alone. Let every man do the very best he can for himself without doing harm to any one else, and men and masters will flourish, and trades-unions become unnecessary. We fear that, when the Social Science Association held their meeting in London, they forgot to preach to the journey-men tailors. Is the traffic of the streets a branch of social science ? If so, there are thousands of individuals who will rejoice that, by authority of parliament, an attempt is to be made to apply it in the regulation of the street-traffic of our great metropolis. In January next, it will not be lawful for everything on wheels, and every driver of four-footed animals, to block the thoroughfares, and do what to him seems good, though confessedly harmful to other citizens. In this, as in the suppression of the smoke-nuisance, we trust there will be no exhibition of mistaken good-nature on the part of the authorities.

'Why is not London as handsome as Paris ?' cry the folk who come back from the *Grande Exposition*. Let them take heart ; London is improving itself. The arches of the Holborn Viaduct are beginning to shew above the hoarding : and at last, Middle Row, Holborn, that long-standing obstruction, is actually in process of demolition. Near Temple Bar, many houses have been pulled down to clear the ground for the new Law-courts : portions of the iron arches of the new Blackfriars Bridge are in place : a long range of the massive granite wall of the Thames Embankment can now be seen from Westminster Bridge. The effect is, at present, bright and imposing, but the brightness will soon be clouded by smoke and weather. The Royal Academy are pushing on their new galleries in the

rear of Burlington House : the new Foreign Office begins to look habitable : and at South Kensington, a stately suburb has been erected about the gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society, which may vie with Paris for cheerfulness, and excel it for convenience. Truly, there will be the show-quarter, the recreative quarter of the metropolis ; and we hazard once more the prediction, that some day the Royal Academy will be sorry they did not develop their strength and capabilities at South Kensington, instead of locating themselves at Burlington House, where they will always be cramped for want of space.

Of late years, it has been assumed by some astronomers and physicists that the changes in the earth's climate could be accounted for by supposing a change in the axis of rotation occasioned by the friction of the tides. Mr Stone, of the Greenwich Observatory, has investigated the question, and come to the conclusion, that the friction theory cannot be accepted as an 'explanation of those secular changes of climate which geologists have shewn to have taken place on our earth.'—An important phenomenon in another branch of astronomy has been examined by Mr Huggins, whose spectroscopic researches of the stars are well known. After favourable study of the planet Mars, he is of opinion that its ruddy colour is not due to peculiar absorption or other effects in its atmosphere, but that the colour has its origin in the material of which some parts of the planet's surface are composed. He shews, moreover, that there is much in common in condition of surface between the moon and Mars, and that the latter absorbs a very large quantity of the light which falls upon it.

Dr Draper of New York has contrived an instrument by which the quality of coffee may be so easily tested, that we may expect it will be taken into use in the kitchen as well as in the laboratory. It is a glass tube an inch diameter, and eight inches long, terminating below in a tube one-quarter inch diameter, and four inches long, the bottom of which is stopped by a cork. This small tube is graduated to a given scale, for convenience of measuring during the experiments. When in use, the tube, placed upright in a proper stand, is filled to within half an inch of the top with cold water, from which all the gas has been expelled by boiling. A given quantity of ground coffee is then dropped very carefully on the surface of the water : if it is pure, it floats for a considerable time, and if freshly roasted and ground, will remain floating for days. But commonly, it falls in a few hours, and imparts a delicate amber tint to the water in the large tube, with a faint coffee-like odour. Finally, the particles sink into the small tube, where their appearance and increase of bulk may be accurately noted.

Chicory, on the contrary, sinks instantly ; and in a minute, nearly the whole quantity has tumbled into the small tube, having, in its quick descent, stained the water a dark brown, and imparted a scent somewhat like that of liquorice. From this it will be understood that real coffee can very easily be distinguished from chicory. Mixtures of the two can also be detected by the same means, and the proportions of each. In fact, by examining with the microscope the sediment that collects in the small tube, other adulterating substances can be discriminated, such as old coffee-grounds, and flour of wheat, peas, or beans. These sink rapidly with the chicory, and reveal their falsity at once,

after which they can be identified by the microscope.

A much improved insulator for telegraphic purposes has been invented at Philadelphia, which, being of a compact cylindrical form, is better adapted for its special use than the ordinary dome or umbrella shaped insulator. It may be described as an iron hook sulphured into a small glass flask, or bottle, which, in like manner, is fixed into a deep cylindrical iron cup. After a few days, when the sulphur has thoroughly shrunk, paraffin is applied to that substance and to the glass, until every crevice is penetrated, and the surface completely coated. The advantage of this is, that paraffin constitutes an unchangeable surface, and is especially repellent of moisture, whereby the 'Brook's insulator,' as it is called, will prove more trustworthy in wet weather than any other. In connection with this, an insulation-test is mentioned, which is delicate, and easy of application. Wet the insulator thoroughly inside and out, connect it with one pole of a battery, hold it with a wet hand, then touch your tongue with the other pole of the battery, and you will taste the very minutest escape of current, even such as would not be detected by a highly sensitive galvanometer.

Many persons are acquainted with Professor Wheatstone's beautiful experiment for making sound visible; namely, the movement of sand on an elastic vibrating surface. Dr Töpler focalises a ray of light in such a way on the object-glass of a telescope, that, combined with the use of a screen, any disturbance becomes visible, and we are told that the intense sonorous vibrations produced by thunder shew themselves in the telescope as visible rings or circles of light.

The common nettle (*Urtica*), often talked about as a highly-useful but much-neglected plant, is once more brought into notice in France, where it is recommended as an excellent means for improving and turning to profit the millions of acres of land at present lying waste. The nettle will grow anywhere and on any soil, and would beautify many a broad surface which has long lain in naked ugliness. In the spring, its young shoots supply the earliest of green-food for cattle, improving both their flesh and their milk. It is well known that horse-dealers in France make bad horses look like good ones by feeding them on nettles. A strong salted decoction of the plant will coagulate milk without imparting an unpleasant flavour: and one variety—*Urtica dioica*—when young makes an agreeable dish for the dinner-table. Besides all these agricultural and domestic uses, the nettle, being a fibrous plant, can be spun, woven into cloth, manufactured into cordage, and is at the same time a good material for the paper-maker. Are there no lands in our country which could be made profitable with crops of nettles? and in Australia, is there no colonist hopeful enough or despairing enough to try whether nettles will grow in hot sand, and so convert the arid deserts into a green and smiling expanse? The cost of an experiment would not be great.

After a diligent course of exploration of the tumuli of the Yorkshire Wolds, the Rev. W. Greenwell has given an account of them, with particulars of the articles disinterred, in a lecture at the Royal Institution. Judging from these discoveries, the condition and customs of the people who made the tumuli must have been similar to those of the Indian tribes in North America. That

they were two distinct races, appears to be certain; the earlier of the two being a long-headed race, distinguished by ethnologists as *dolicho-cephalic*; the other and later being round-headed, or *brachy-cephalic*. Some skulls have been found which indicate a union of the two. Mr Greenwell describes the round-heads as a conquering race, large and strong, acquainted with the use of bronze; harsh and rugged in the face, with all the features prominent, and the mouth and eyebrows projecting, and he thinks they may have been a people of the Stone Age, allied to the Laps, such as have left numerous traces in Denmark. As he intends to pursue his researches, he may perhaps be able to identify the exact period of their residence on the Wolds. Among all the relics as yet discovered, there is no trace of the Romans.

THE CANARY.

A CHARMING little household bird—

A golden-feathered fairy;

Where'er his pleasant voice is heard,

His owner must feel cheery.

His jetty eye expresses thanks

For every small attention;

For water clean, for well-blown seed,

And green-meat for a luncheon.

He must not be in small cage cooped,

Like goldy or poor linnet;

A roomy one at least for him,

To feel he's free when in it.

My little yellow-coated friend

Will sing in any weather—

When Sol with glory lights our isle,

Or folk round ingles gather.

And though he cost but shillings five,

Which some may think a plenty;

I've learned to love him; so I would

Not part with him for twenty;

For in the morning, ere I raise

My head from off its pillow,

He starts and sings till twilight hour

A carol sweet and mellow.

And like a true beloved friend,

His heart ne'er seems to vary—

Oh, many a one some lesson sweet

Might learn of my canary.

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